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For Vick's Magazine.

SWEET PEAS.

BY NELLY HART WOODWORTH.

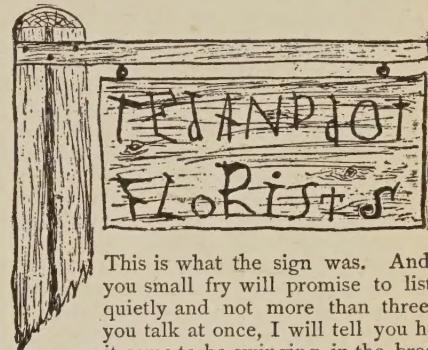
Blossoms rich with fragrant memories! when your petaled sweets unfold
The doors of Time swing backward, angels tune their harps of gold,
Music sounds as once it sounded when my heart was all a-glow
Ere I knew life's bleak December with its cold and blinding snow.
I see the dear home garden with its flying blossoms fair,
Their pink wings all extended, bright angels of the air,
They bear me on their fragile wings across the years so long,
Strange that life's music e'er can be only a memory song!

The little birds have never sung as sweet as those I know
A-flitting through the gardens where flushing sweet peas grow,
O nevermore shall bird or flower such blessed story tell,
Nor angel join the sweet refrain and whisper "All is well."
O years! O golden years gone by, how freighted full with loss,
The only brightness left to-day shines from the crimson cross,
O tender, fairest blossoms, the sweetest I may know,
A breath of music wafted from the shores of long ago,

I'm homesick for your faces, when wrapped in your perfume
With "good by land" behind me I taste th' immortal bloom
I trust of all the blossoms worn by the angel throng
May be the pink wings of the flowers that I have loved so long.
Old fashioned flowers?—I do not care, I love your sweet perfume,
While flowers of earth are fading and but a memory-bloom,
I'll cherish hopes that you of all the flowers to mortals given
May be the last I see on earth and first of all in heaven.

THE FWOWER DARDEN.

PART I.



This is what the sign was. And if you small fry will promise to listen quietly and not more than three of you talk at once, I will tell you how it came to be swinging in the breeze with a doleful creak, mourning for the vanished summer. Last spring when I received a harmless looking box marked "Living Plants," both partners of the above firm were fully as anxious to see the contents of that box as mamma and I were. When I had explained to them how these plants had been having a long ride on the cars, all the way from Rochester, N. Y., and now were, like other people who travel, very dusty, thirsty and tired, and wanted to take a bath and a good drink of cool water, and then have a nap in the dark cellar, they were greatly interested.

They watched every movement as I bathed, potted and sprinkled the plants, and then with an air of great importance helped to stow them in the cellar for their nap.

Next day I set sturdy littled Ted at work helping me with his "spress" wagon, hauling away rubbish and bringing fresh soil for the beds in the front yard. Wee Dot insisted on having a hand in it, and did all she could with her shovel. Many hands made light work of it, and the small tongues ran so much faster and steadier than the "spress" wagon that time went quickly, and almost before we knew it the beds were well prepared.

Then, though we were all impatient to see how our new friends from the Vick family would look in their new home, we knew that they had not yet finished their nap, and so several days went by, full of other spring duties. At last, one cloudy afternoon, when it threatened to rain any minute, we brought them out. Ted dug holes with the trowel, while Dot watched me with great round eyes and busy tongue, as I spread the dark brown coverlet over their limp, white feet and tucked it in with careful fingers. She felt very important when allowed to follow me and stick the little wooden labels down in the soil beside each plant. Meanwhile Ted, anxious to watch proceedings, had put unusual energy into his work and finished the holes I had marked out for him and was aiding his sister in sticking labels and asking unanswerable questions, though, if the truth were told, she did not need much help. To make our work complete I set them to sprinkling the beds with a small wateringpot, while I followed them, packing the moistened earth about the plants to make sure that the coming shower should not wash them out, or the bright sun after it wilt them too much.

As we stood on the porch and looked our work over with well-earned satisfaction, Dot looked up to me and said: "Papa, us wants a fwower darden, too." The appeal was heartily

seconded by Master Ted and endorsed by mamma. Their combined forces were too much for me, and so I surrendered unconditionally.

The first thing, of course, was to find a place for the "darden." Mamma had planned to use every foot of the front yard, and so we had to take a corner of the vegetable garden. This was really better, as here, in Michigan, sunshine is a precious thing and seasons are short. So a place where no high buildings cut off the sunlight was just the thing.

The bargain was that they were to do all the work they could in making their garden and only call on mamma and me when the work was too heavy for their small bodies. After the seed was in, they were to take the whole care of it. "'Cause we wants to learn how, ov course," said Ted. "Wants wern how, torso," echoed Dot. Glad to see them so interested in something that would keep them out in the bright sunshine and fresh air, and teach them to love beautiful and innocent things, mamma and I helped in every way we could. After much consultation and many a wistful look at some of mamma's ambitious stars, crescents and other strange forms in the front yard, it was decided that for the first attempt it would be wiser to be content with several plain beds, that would be much easier made and cared for, and look nearly as well when in full bloom.

The next step was to draw on their banks, for they had already begun to learn business ways, and Ted has quite a snug sum to his credit, the result of saving the pennies given him for candy and investing them in a small way. Once it was a fine brood of chicks which their mamma bought in the spring when the chicks were hardly out of the shell and sold in the fall at a good profit.

I opened the combination on Dot's bank, while that young lady perched on my lap and watched me with a look of wonder, remarking as the door opened, "Fy don't it do tat fen I turns it, papa?" Mamma opened Ted's, and each took out a certain amount, which was recorded in the little books kept inside. Then came a trip to the nearest hardware store where the money was spent for a hoe, rake, spade, trowel and sprinkling pot for each, so that they could both work at once and not dispute over their garden tools, as little folks are apt to do when they both want the same thing at once.

That evening, as we gathered around the lamps in the cozy sitting room, the question of what plants they should have came up, and soon all heads were bent over the gay catalogues. They were to own the whole garden in company, so that they could have a greater variety of flowers for the same money. They decided, after taking counsel with us, on how much money they would spend. It was drawn from the banks, and then came the sport of choosing. They were each to choose one plant in turn as long as the money lasted. They drew straws for the first choice, which fell to Dot. She wanted some "twisanfemums." Ted studied a moment, and then remembering the preferences of a certain little lassie next door, said he would like pansies. Dot said "some tallywhopsis (*calliopsis*) like oo had lasht summer." Aster were Ted's next choice, while Dot, whose passion for yellow was not quite satisfied by the "tallywhopsis," said "sunflowers." Ted wanted a mate for the sunflowers and selected gourds, for which an old tree would furnish good running ground. Dot wanted "snapdwagons." Ted followed with nasturtiums, sweet aurissum, sweet peas, mornin' dwowy, dasies, dianthus pinks, phlox, toonias and verbenas completed the list.

Then a wonderful letter must be sent away to a well-known florist ordering the seeds; a "spress" order enclosed with it, and Dot herself saw it safely into Uncle Sam's round-topped and green-painted iron box that we all know so well. That was the last of it for that day, save a question or two. But for the next week the life of good-natured Joe, the postman,

was made a burden to him by those small scamps, who laid in wait for him daily and asked, both in a breath, one question he could easily answer and ever so many more that he could not.

At last one day after dinner, came the postman's ring, and as usual Ted and Dot dropped everything and flew to the door. This time mamma and I followed, for, knowing Mr. Vick's promptness, we had counted on the day the seeds should come. We reached the door just in time to see Joe, with a smile extending nearly to his ears, hand Ted a bulky package, at which Dot made a flying leap off the steps, landing in Joe's arms, scattering his letters and papers in every direction, and kissed him squarely on the mouth. Then she scrambled down again to get a closer look at that precious package. Joe gathered up his property with the laughing remark that such a kiss was worth the trouble of picking up a whole sackful of mail, and off he went whistling gayly.

PART II.

Mamma had followed the small folks into the house, fearing that every seed in the package would be spilled in their haste to open it. The moment it was fairly open Dot exclaimed: "Papa! Mamma! Here's I's Twisanfemums!" This was quickly followed by a prolonged "O-o-o-oh!" from Ted, as the gay cover of the pansy packet came in sight. Two such wildly delighted youngsters I have not seen in a long time. How they did scramble over us and each other with cries of "Oh, Papa!" and "Look here, Mamma!" as the bright packets were looked at again and again.

But you must not think that the week they had made so uncomfortable for poor Joe was spent all in that way. The chubby hands had been very busy a good share of each day. The express wagon had been scarcely less busy, for the corner given them for their garden had been what we older people would call a "catch-all" and was full of stones, bricks, tincans, bits of board and other useless things. [That was "rough" on the little folks to give them the worst part of the garden.—ED.] It took them all one forenoon to get it cleared out to suit them. Then the old weeds had to be dug out and the sod cut off, manure hauled and spread, and the whole dug and turned over to make it soft and mellow so that the roots could easily find their way through it in search of food. All must be raked over and shaped into beds. But they kept at it bravely, and when the seeds came it was all ready.

There was no more spare time that afternoon, but early the next morning everyone was astir prepared to help. Ted was brimfull of energy and noise, while Dot squirmed about like an eel, not in the same place two minutes at a time.

Once in the "darden" the fun began in earnest. As Dot had the first choice of plants, Ted was to do the first planting. He made for the tree and soon had his gourd seeds under cover, performing the ceremony with great pomp. Then all set to work with a will. The sunflowers were given a place where they would hide some of a neighbor's unsightly buildings. A border of sweet alyssum was sown around one bed and daisies around another.

Next a high board fence we put a row of nasturtiums, part of the way, finishing with sweet peas. A row of morning glories was placed along the fence next the street, "so tay can say 'dood mornin' to folkse fah goes by," said Dot. Then we turned to the beds themselves. In one long bed next the high fence and in front of the peas and nasturtiums, the snapdragons, *calliopsis* and *chrysanthemums* found a home. The asters had the center of one of the sunniest beds, while the verbenas had another near by. The phlox were used as a border to the aster bed, while the pansies had a cozy nook where they would get the morning sun on their bright, fresh faces and be shaded for the rest of the day.

One great bed held petunias, and another dianthus. This ended the sowing. Before we were through both children had grown quite handy in dropping the tiny seed and in pressing the earth firmly over them with their little hoes. After that came a "sprinkling bee," and it took so many pots of water that, when it was finished. Dot drew a long breath and said: "Oh dee, I'se so tired, I don't fink I'll work none more dust now." But she soon forgot it and was having a romp with her kittie, who had been banished to the cellar for showing too much zeal in assisting in the planting operations.

Next morning my nap was disturbed by a patter of little feet, and rousing up I saw two small people, very wide awake, who were on their way to the place where their clothes lay. "Where going, small fry?" I called. "Us is doin' to see us's fwower darden. I most knows its all spwownted." How their faces fell as I told them that the seeds must drink a good deal of warm water, so much that it would split their clothes open, before 'they "spwownted"; and that it would take them several days to do it. Dot's lip quivered a trifle, and Ted's face was very long as they trudged back to bed.

What a shout they raised when the first green shoots did appear, running wildly in to us with the news, as much delighted as I would be over a gold mine. They literally dragged us out to see their treasures. How closely they watched them daily, even hourly, I have not time to tell you. But for such frisky little folks they were remarkably steady in attending to the wants of their new pets, and in due season they were rewarded.

They went fairly wild over the first blossom. It was discovered one bright morning before I was up, and they dragged me out of bed by the arms and feet, when I pretended to be sound asleep, so that I might go and see its wondrous beauty. Very little breakfast did they eat that morning, but, like grown-up gossips, carried the news to the entire neighborhood. After that the "darden" drew them more and more as new flowers came, until we came to say, if any one asked for them, "out in the 'darden,' of course." They fairly lived in it, and what a world of pleasure they got from it! And not only they, but others as well, for they were not selfish with their treasures.

My desk at the office was never without cheering flower faces. The little lady next door was daily sniffing a fresh bunch of pansies, and Ted was, of course, in great favor with her. Dot always remembered Joe, the postman, with a bright bunch whenever he stopped, and often when he did not, and his smile daily covered more and more surface. The bent old milkman and his warmhearted wife, with her jolly Irish laugh, came in for their share.

Ere long passersby began to notice the "darden" and coax for flowers, often giving them pennies, and occasionally a stray nickel, until some one finally told them they ought to hang out a sign and sell flowers. When papa got home that night he was teased to make them a sign, and so I fixed one, but made Ted mark it, knowing his marking would sell more flowers than any work I could do. They were two of the proudest little folks in town when that sign was safely up. Their first customer was a funny old bachelor who declared that one of Dot's kisses must be thrown in, and went away with a bright bunch of old-fashioned flowers in his hand, a merry twinkle in his eyes, and a quarter less in his pocket.

After that the firm prospered famously, and long before summer was over the "fwower darden" had paid for itself and was earning a handsome profit. Besides, and better than this, it was bringing pleasure to many a sick one, many a poor waif whose love of the beautiful was not entirely dead; for the little folks are very tender hearted. The sight of a pair of wistful young eyes on the other side of that picket fence, no matter how ragged the jacket or tattered the dress, was enough to rob the garden of some of its brightest blossoms.

In a cold frame, under two feet of snow as I write these lines, Ted has six dozen young pansy plants from which he expects great things this spring. Both have sent their surplus to the county savings bank, while Dot already talks of another "darden." And, much as she likes to slide and snowball, is wishing it was "spwing."

Do you like my story, children? If you do, why not have a garden of your own?

Marquette, Mich. D. M. FARNSWORTH.
Thermometer, 5 below zero.

Written for Vick's Magazine.

"Only a Pansy Blossom."

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He stood at the gate and looked over into the pretty yard, where flowers were growing, and seemed to be pleased at the sight, and Aunt Alice, looking out of the sitting-room window, saw him and wondered if the flower at which he was gazing with a kind of dreamy look in his eyes did not revive old memories in the breast of this man who was, to all outward appearances, at least, a common tramp.

"He looks at the flowers as if he knew them," the tender-hearted woman said. "Perhaps he would be glad to have some of them."

She went down the veranda steps. The man started when he saw her coming, and would have gone on, but she stopped him.

"I saw you looking at the flowers," she said. "Would you like some? I am so fond of them myself, that I like to share the pleasure they give me with others. You are welcome to some, I assure you."

"I like them—I always did," the man answered, hesitating, and then turning back to the gate. "But—wouldn't it look rather—well, say inconsistent,"—with a short, hard laugh that had a bitter sound in it,—"to see a man like me with a handful of the pretty things? I hardly think the flowers would like it."

"I think it just what the flowers *would* like if they are what I give them credit for being," answered Aunt Alice. "I think they were given to make us better, happier, and the world brighter. If I am happier than you are you need them more than I, and it must please the flowers to go where they can do the most good."

She broke off some roses from her pet Perle des Jardins bush, and put a few geranium leaves with them. Then, chancing to look down at her feet, she saw a purple pansy lifting its dark face to hers in the delightful way characteristic of that very human flower. She stooped and picked it, and put it with the roses, where its rich color seemed intensified by their yellow petals. Then she came to the gate and reached the little nosegay out to him.

He took it with a respectful look, and a low "Thank you." Something in his manner impressed her with the fact that he was no common tramp, although his clothes seemed to indicate that. She looked at him more closely, and saw a face in which there were traces of more than ordinary intelligence. It would have been a handsome face had it not been for the dissipated look in it.

"Only a pansy blossom," he said, looking at the flower. "Do you know, ma'am, that was my mother's favorite flower, and after she died I used to sing that song when I thought of her. It's been a long time since I sung it last. Sometimes when I hear a piano I feel like taking possession of it and singing the song again. The sight of this pansy and the sound of some one playing the piano in the house yonder, makes me want to sing it now. May I, just to thank you for your kindness to me? I am sure I can thank you in that way better than in any other."

"I shall be glad to hear you sing it," said Aunt Alice. "Come in," and she opened the gate for the tramp and welcomed him in as if he were a gentleman.

Her little niece was practicing at the piano.

"I gave this man some flowers and he has kindly offered to sing for me in return," she



FLOWERS OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING IN A VASE.

said, and the little girl, glad, doubtless, to get away from the piano, gave it up to him. He sat down and touched the keys caressingly. It was like friend clasping hand with friend. His fingers seemed to waken a responsive feeling in the instrument. It had never sounded like that before, Aunt Alice thought. Then he sang. The harshness died out of his voice. The hard look went out of his face. She had heard the song before, many times, but never when it meant so much. He put new beauty into it. Before it was ended her eyes were full of tears.

"Her dear, dead face I see." He sang the lines over and over softly, and then Aunt Alice saw tears running down his cheeks.

"If mother had only lived it might—indeed, I know it *would* have been different with me," he said brokenly.

"Don't you think she sees and knows all about you the same as before she died?" asked Aunt Alice, softly. "I do. And if she does, I think it hurts her mother heart to know that you are not what she would like to have you be. Think of that, and let it help you to be better. Your love for her ought to be an incentive to good and right living. Do right for her sake until you can do it for God's and your own sake."

The man looked at her wonderingly.

"No one ever talked like that to me before," he said. "I thank you for your kind words, and"—there was a hesitation as if he hardly dared say it for fear he would not keep his word, but a resolution to make the effort seemed to be made,—"I'll try to do better, I will, indeed I will!" and a new light, a sort of sudden strength, seemed to come into his face. "For mother's sake," he added softly, and his eye caught the pansy as if it held in its heart some message from the dead.

"God help you. He will, He always does if we try," Aunt Alice said, and held out her hand to the man.

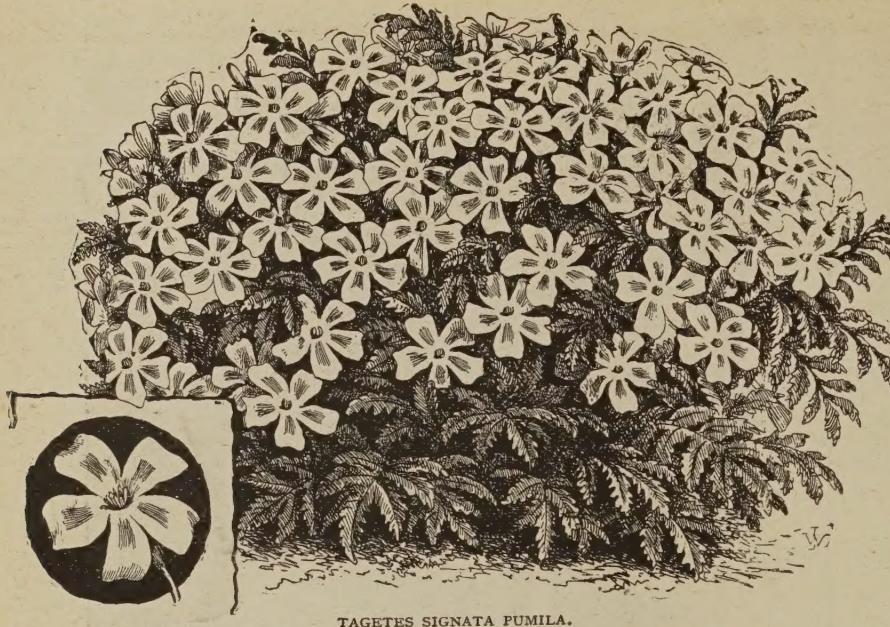
I wonder if we shall ever know what came of it? I trust that the little flower and the flower of human kindness which Aunt Alice gave him from her heart have worked together for good, and that he has indeed "done better."

Love-lies-bleeding.

For various ornamental purposes a writer in the *London Garden* brings forward this old, reliable and well-known amaranthus. A portion of the article is here quoted.

It is essentially a plant for every flower garden and for borders of flowers where they are grown in kitchen gardens, as is frequently the case. I have often wondered why it is not used more than it is in groups, lines and masses. In its way there is nothing so effective during the late summer and autumn months until cut off by frost. This year I grew a long row of it with other annuals, and in the autumn when the rest were all spoiled by the excessive wet this amaranthus was in its full beauty. For the subtropical garden it is peculiarly well adapted, being seen to the best advantage when associated with plants of noble growth and outline.

Its culture is of the easiest; it will thrive in almost any common garden soil that is not absolutely impoverished. The seed should be sown where the plants are to remain. It is possible to transplant them without any difficulty, but there is a certain check, otherwise easily avoided, the seed being cheap enough for anyone. My practice with this and other fine seeds sown out of doors is to choose a day when the soil works well after having been duly prepared. The soil having been first worked down fine, the seed is sown, and covered lightly with some sifted soil. When the young plants are of a fair height, they are thinned out to four or five in each patch; later on this may again be done to even one, or at most two, so as to secure a strong plant. My plants reached to about five feet in height with tails hanging down to the ground. Staking as a means of support in a natural manner is necessary before the plants are far advanced in flower. In a cut state this amaranthus is well suited to vases where its true character can be displayed to the best advantage, as in the illustration. Used thus, its larger leaves should be pinched off, for they will otherwise soon fade. Another purpose to which I have applied it is for church decoration. In one instance it was most effectively employed as a fringing around the pulpit.



TAGETES SIGNATA PUMILA.

SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

"Fairest of the lights above!
Thou sun whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearyed swiftness move
To form the circles of our years,"

—ISAAC WATTS

The delightful full-page picture on the opposite page, showing how many charming places can be found in the center of our great country hardly needs any explanation. While the greater portion of our readers are passing through the rigors of winter those who are so fortunate as to live in or are able to go to this glorious climate are enjoying life to its utmost in the heart of the Ozark mountains.

These seem to have been set up in the center of the broad and beautiful valley of the Mississippi to break the monotony. One writer says: "They are an oasis in a desert of everlasting fertility; a recreation spot surrounded by fields for labor and industry. Time has disclosed in their rock-ribbed sides a value deeper than that of the soil." The crowning glory of this picturesque region is the wonderful Hot Springs of Arkansas, that great contribution of nature to man's well-being in the world. Tradition connects them with the fountain of youth so persistently sought for by Ponce de Leon and De Soto.

To the halo of legend and romance add interesting scenery of mountain, glen, stream and valley, pure air, springs that emit a thermal flood of health-bearing and life-renewing waters, and you have the conditions of a model resort, not simply attractive to the invalid, but to the most fastidious and fashionable pleasure-seeker, the poet and the painter. The Indians were familiar with the curative properties of the waters before ever they were discovered by the white men, and doubtless their reputation among them spread over the entire continent.

The springs themselves, and the Hot Springs Mountain, constituting a large park of several hundred acres, belong to the government, and the whole together constitute the Hot Springs Reservation. Government possession was necessary to prevent a monopoly of the water, officials collecting toll from the bath houses for its use. The latter are built on the reservation and have the prices for baths fixed by the authorities at Washington, so that no extortion can be practiced.

For the information of those not familiar with their geography, we will offer the information that Hot Springs is about $30\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north latitude, ten degrees further south than New York, and about 31 degrees south of Chicago.

Among the odd names in which the section abounds are Bull Bayou, Magnet Cove, Crystal Mountain, Happy Hollow, and Hell's Half

Acre. The latter is described as a freak of creation, and nobody knowingly misses the opportunity to take one look at this small section of the domain of his majesty of the brimstone and fire. It is a strange sight that presents itself when you have reached the top and look over the edge of a depression in the mountain. A large tract of an acre or more, sunken below the surface, is filled with jagged rocks of all sizes and forms, but always with sharp, ragged corners. In some places it is twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and some of the rocks are of immense size. It has no outlet or inlet at the sides, and no amount of water rushing down the mountain ever remains within it for a moment. All the surrounding country right up to its edge has soil of sufficient depth and fertility to support a heavy growth of pines and oaks, to say nothing of a dense growth of shrubbery. It appears as if a small portion of creation here had never been finished, that Nature hadn't quite hide enough to cover her bones.

Mr. H. C. Townsend, of St. Louis, the general passenger agent of the enormous railway system known as the Missouri Pacific, has published several illustrated books on these winter resorts, which he will send upon application.

This southwestern region is becoming the great sanitarium of our country, and each year swells the number of travelers seeking health and pleasure, and every season increases the volume of inquiry concerning the Winter-Summer Lands of Texas and the Southwest and the Magical Wonder Lands of Colorado and Utah.

We would like to see in our country a greater appreciation of our beautiful and magnificent scenery. We would like to have it known that right at our very doors are breezes softer than those of Italy that bear health in every breath; that there are waters and springs and fountains of perpetual youth as nearly as it will ever be possible for DeSoto's dream to be realized.

Americans have too limited an acquaintance with their own country. New Yorkers know more of England and France and Germany and Italy, than they do of Montana, Texas, California, Colorado and Oregon. The Riviera, or Florence or San Remo are no such winter resorts as Florida, Galveston or San Antonio. Switzerland cannot compete with Colorado in the savage grandeur of its scenery. Mont Blanc is grand to look upon, but it is no grander than Pike's Peak. No accurate estimate can be made of the number of people who spend the winter months in the different towns and cities of Texas. This population of Texas is made up not alone by those who wish to find health and permanent benefit from various ailments, but many invalids wisely flock to its mild climate to escape the rigors of the northern winters.

A Good Dwarf Marigold.

The dwarf marigold known as *Tagetes signata pumila* is a plant of easy culture and produces its yellow blossoms in great profusion and for a long time. As the plant grows only from ten to fifteen inches high it makes a good border or edging plant and shows a wealth of bright flowers for weeks and months. As a single plant it is symmetrical in shape and particularly attractive, but when the plants are grown in a mass the sheet of color is almost dazzling. The seeds can be sowed as soon as the ground and weather is warm enough in the spring and afterwards the plants transplanted where they are to stand. Sowing in a cold frame will enable them to be moved to permanent quarters earlier in the season. Any good garden soil will suit them.

Antirrhinum, or Snapdragon.

The antirrhinum is an annual which has given me the most perfect satisfaction. When I say annual I mean of course a plant that blossoms the first season from seed. The antirrhinum does more, it blossoms early the first season and *all the season*, and usually lives through the winter and gives better results the second summer than it did the first. This means a great deal, for most of our annuals end their existence with the first frost. The antirrhinum first goes to sleep and wakes up bright and fresh, and puts on its glorious garments at the resurrection time of the year.

The flowers are borne in magnificent spikes, and in the most glowing colors. There are the crimson, plain striped, and white throated, each individual flower wearing a velvet crest, orange scarlet with yellow, clear deep scarlet, a combination of scarlet golden and white, pure yellow, yellow striped, blood red, vermillion, deep purple, pure white, and variegated. Take a bed of these plants and they show us the most striking colors known to Flora's kingdom, and I can hardly conceive of anything finer. Another quality in their favor is their endurance. If not picked a spike of these glorious, glowing, velvet-crowned blossoms will last for weeks. This to me is a great point in their desirability.

Plants propagated either from seeds or cuttings make rapid growth and give the abundant reward described above. As pot plants they are hardly surpassed, even by those much more rare and aristocratic. Their worth is real, they endure the trying atmosphere of the common living room well, they will bear a high heat and will live through a severe freezing. I have one in my window now that has been frozen stiff no less than three times, and in spite of this has never been without buds since it began to bloom last summer.

What more can be said of any plant? Or what better qualities do others possess? This one possesses flowers beautiful, lasting and continuous, and as to its long suffering qualities they cannot be surpassed. ROSE SEELY MILLER.

Never iron black cotton stockings, as the heat fades them rapidly. Dry them in the shade.



ANTIRRHINUM PLANT.





RIEFS.

A Japanese Exhibit.—Japan has appropriated \$630,765 for its representation at the Exposition. A splendid Japanese exhibit is assured.

Apples at the West.—Southeastern Nebraska is becoming a great apple producing center. The keeping qualities of the apples raised there are good and the fruit brings in the market more than the average price.

A Blue Grass Palace.—The Blue Grass League of Iowa, embracing the southwestern counties of the State, has decided to construct a "Blue Grass Palace" at the Columbian Exposition.

Hubbard Squash as Cattle Food.—Those who have tried it think that the Hubbard squash is worth nearly half as much by the pound as any grain for feeding to stock. It can be raised for much less.

Grapes Eaten by Everybody.—George T. Powell thinks fruit should be made a large and regular part of our diet. Grapes, he says, should be eaten by everybody. A family of six should have one ton annually.

Apples for England.—England had a large crop of home grown apples last fall, and yet the importation into that country from the United States and Canada was the largest ever made. The demand for good apples is not likely soon to fail.

The Largest Rose Tree.—Ventura, California, claims the largest rose tree in the United States. It is of the Lamarque variety, and often has 10,000 roses on it at one time. It is three feet in circumference, and its first branch is twenty-one inches around.

American Pottery.—The United States Potters' Association has applied for 32,000 square feet in the Manufactures building, and announces its intention of making an exhibit that will not be surpassed by any showing made by the famed potteries of Europe.

Chinese Manufactures.—Chew Yu Ling, representing commercial parties in China, has arranged to conduct a tea pavilion on Midway Plaisance, and has applied for 1,000 square feet of space in the Manufactures building in which to exhibit Chinese silks, embroideries, etc.

Smoke Injuring an Orchard.—The well-known fruit grower, Mr. A. McD. Allan, of Toronto, says that the smoke from a railway engine prevents an orchard alongside of the track from bearing freely, because of affecting the degree of fertilization by damage to the pollen.

Worms in the Soil of Pot Plants.—When the soil of pot plants is infested with earth worms a warm decoction of quassia, wormwood and powdered horse-chestnuts, poured on the soil until saturated, will bring the worms to the top, when they can be removed. The *Pharmaceutical Era* is authority for this statement.

Tomato Plants in the Window.—A few tomato plants, raised by sowing seeds in a pot or box in the window of the sitting room or kitchen, will be needed some weeks hence, and it will be found very handy to have them. When the young plants have made a few leaves transplant them into other pots or boxes and give them room to develop.

Helping the Rhubarb.—Cover a few hills of rhubarb with barrels with the ends knocked out and bank fresh stable manure around them; the leaf-stalks will grow long and be very tender and juicy. If the weather keeps quite cool it may be best to cover the barrels with pieces of board during the night, removing them when the sun is bright and on all mild days.

Farm Products.—The Wisconsin World's Fair Board has issued a circular to the farmers of Wisconsin, asking them to exhibit the very best products of their farms at the county fairs and State fairs of this year, as the exhibit for the World's Fair will be selected to a considerable extent from the cereals and other farm products which are awarded premiums at those fairs.

Radishes.—Radishes are particularly toothsome in spring. Give them early attention. Sow the seeds in the hotbed. Mix a large proportion of wood ashes in the soil and it will prevent the attacks of the radish worms. Make later sowings in the cold frame and in the open ground, always remembering to dig in about two inches in depth of unleached wood ashes. The globe, olive and turnip shaped are the best for early use.



WHITLAVIA GRANDIFLORA.

Water at the World's Fair.—Visitors to the Exposition can, if they choose, drink Waukesha water on the Fair grounds at one cent a glass. A company owning one of the principal springs at Waukesha has been awarded the contract for furnishing the water, which will be piped from that place to Chicago, about 100 miles, and be served at 300 places on the Fair grounds. Plenty of Lake Michigan water will be obtainable free, of course.

Raising Onions.—The main points in raising onions successfully are these: 1st. New seed of the best quality; 2d, well drained and well worked friable or light soil; 3d, good manuring with well rotted manure or a high grade nitrogenous commercial fertilizer; 4th, early preparation of the ground and early sowing of the seed; 5th, good cultivation until the crop is matured; commencing to remove weeds as soon as they appear and never allowing them to get a start.

Sowing Peas.—The very early smooth peas and the Marrowfats can be planted in the spring as soon as the ground is free from frost and can be worked. Plant three or four inches deep. The finer varieties, the blue and green wrinkled peas, are more tender and should not be planted until the ground has warmed somewhat, though it must be remembered that an early sowing produces an early crop. By selecting a warm, dry spot and sowing not more than three inches deep safety and earliness may both be secured.

A Monster Radish.—With the people, the houses, the tea-pots, the chickens, and so many things on so small a scale in Japan, there is all the greater surprise when one finds anything there which has attained an unusual or gigantic size. The coarse white radish, *daikon*, from six to ten feet in length, strikes one as a vegetable joke in that land of Lilliput. The giant in one fairy story uses a *daikon* for a club, and the street-peddlers lean their *daikons* up against

the side of a house as if they were whips or fish poles. One might very naturally inquire the price of *daikon* by the yard, when he goes to market.—ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE, in *January St. Nicholas*.

Transplanting Onions.—A rich seed bed covered with a frame and sash is a suitable place to raise young onions for transplanting into the field. Undoubtedly a more even stand of plants can be secured in this manner, but there will be an additional expense in transplanting; this extra cost, however, will be offset by easier and cheaper cultivation. Many are so situated that it is difficult for them to procure the necessary help for transplanting, and to them, therefore, this method is impracticable. The time to sow the seed depends on the region of country and the locality, but it should be done so as to be able to put out the plants as soon as possible after the heavy frosts are past.

Early Lettuce.—Lettuce is one of the vegetables that is wanted as early as possible in the spring. In fact, market gardeners, by forcing, keep a supply all winter. But every family wants it early in springtime. Sow the seed in gentle hotbed and the plants will come along rapidly. Thin out as necessary; the thinnings can be sent to the table. Let some grow up thickly to be pulled every day for use; transplant some in the hotbed three or four inches apart; as the weather warms transplant others into a cold frame. Make repeated sowings of seed to secure a succession of plants. Early Egg for early sowing for family use is one of the very best; Early Tennis Ball and Buttercup are, also, particularly desirable for the same purpose. Sow the cabbage varieties for producing large heads.

Annuals for the Hotbed.—Some of the annual flowering plants require a long season to bloom, others have fine seeds requiring delicate care, some need a warm or even a hot temperature, and others, still, make finer plants and give more bloom if two or three times shifted before final transplanting; for all these the hotbed and cold frame are suitable. A list of some of the principal varieties which are better thus treated is here given: Ageratum, alonsoa, amaranthus, antirrhinum, aster, balsam, brachycome,



NEMOPHILA GRANDIFLORA.

browallia, cacalia, canna, celosia, daisy, datura, dianthus, godetia, lobelia, marigold, mesembryanthemum, mimulus, myosotis, nemophila, Nicotiana affinis, nierembergia, nolana, palafoxia, pansy, petunia, phlox, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, scabiosa, schizanthus, sensitive plant, ten-weeks stock, torenia, tropaeolum, verbena, vinca, whitlavia and zinnia.

For Vick's Magazine.

March Dreams.

How the winds roar in the wild March weather;
How the snow drifts over hill and lea,
And I sit dreaming and wonder whether
The flowers long for the spring, with me

I dream that I hear the robin singing
His old, sweet song in the apple tree,
And the warm south wind blows about me, bringing
A thought of the April that is to be.

I see a flash in the blue sky over
The willows flushed with a hint of spring,
And know that the blithe-voiced bluebird rover
Is tuning his silver lute to sing.

I feel a breath that is warm and tender,
I hear a step that is quick and light,
And lo, a glimmer of April splendor
Breaks on the fields that are clad in white.

And I see through the drifting snow a vision
Of crocus blossoms along the lawn,
And then the wind in its fierce derision
Laughs in my face and the glimpse is gone.

But I know, I know that the spring is coming;
I feel it nearing in happy dreams
Of the violet's face and the brown bee's humming
And the laugh and chatter of dancing streams.

O hasten, wind from the south, and bring me
The long warm days and the sunny flowers,
And the birds to build in the trees and sing me
Their songs of love in the April hours.
Shiocton, Wis.

Eben E. Rexford.

**THE
LOVE OF
FLOWERS.**



In the seaport town of Den-Helder, Holland, that land of flowers, on the 9th of October, 1863, there was rejoicing in the house of one of the richest men in that country, for an heir was

born to the house of Bok. The lusty youngster was named Edward W., and during his younger days saw only the sunny side of life, as he was reared amid wealth and luxury. The father held prominent position in the royal court of the Netherlands. As in this country so in the old, reverses will come, and at the age of six the father's fortune was swept away and the young Edward was brought over to the glorious land beyond the sea, with no knowledge of its language.

It does not take a young boy long to master the English language under the influence of our common schools, and with it all comes ambition. At the age of fifteen young Bok made a wonderful collection of autographs and documents from famous personages, and he was known as "The Prince of Autograph Collectors." At the present writing these number over 20,000 and the collection is the finest in the world.

After a varied experience in journalism, commencing with a magazine in Brooklyn, he started the famous Bok Syndicate Press, which supplies the best articles to upward of 150 leading newspapers. After four years with Messrs. Scribners, of magazine fame, he became, at 26, editor in chief of that sterling home periodical, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, at a salary of \$10,000 per annum. No praise is necessary for the paper or his unique management, but we are free to say that one secret of his ability to handle authors and people generally (as well as to write readable articles) lies in his love for the flowers as God made them, and from which he draws so much inspiration.



Edward W. Bok

His strong signature shows his character in every letter.

No literary man, to our knowledge, has perhaps such a fondness for flowers as has Mr. Bok. One never sees him without a flower in the lapel of his coat, whether in summer or in winter. His editorial office in Philadelphia is always sweet with the scent of flowers. In the window is a large ornamental box running the entire length of the sill, in which are blooming plants, while on Mr. Bok's desk stands a crystal vase which is filled each morning before the young editor reaches his office with freshly-cut flowers.

Mr. Bok's window garden receives the constant care of his private secretary, who smilingly said to the writer recently: "Mr. Bok is a great lover of flowers. As you see, he has them all around him here. He seems to get inspiration from them in his work. It is a perfect pleasure to take care of them for him for he is thoroughly appreciative of one's success with his flowers. Every day I water the plants, prune them, remove the dead leaves and withering flowers, and turn up the soil, and this care keeps them as fresh as you see them. I have a florist come in about once a month, and he takes out the unsuccessful plants and substitutes new ones, and so Mr. Bok has always a blooming garden in his window. His vase is filled every morning by one of the florists near by, who has a regular contract to do so. Mr. Bok is particularly fond of fragrant roses, heliotrope, double violets, mignonette, tuberoses, Olea fragrans, jasmine, lavender, lily of the valley, lilacs, wistaria, longiflorum lilies, hyacinths, and narcissus. I have heard Mr. Bok mention to visitors that at his home in Brooklyn he has flowers even in greater profusion than here at his office. Every afternoon, at the close of the day, he gives the fresh flowers in his vase either to myself or one of his other clerks and secretaries, and so you see we all get a great deal of pleasure from his fondness for the beautiful in nature."

And who will say that this young man's wonderful success as an editor cannot to some extent be attributed to his pleasant surroundings of flower and plant life? His office is one of the pleasantest of any magazine editor, and a great deal of this is due to his love of floriculture.

H. P. H.

The Perfume of Orchids.

The odors of orchids have been given less attention up to this time than those of other flowers, but a Parisian perfumer has recently sent out a series of products grouped under the name of "Orchid Perfumery." An article will soon be published by the *Journal des Orchidees* in which will be classified, as far as possible, the divers perfumes of orchids.

What a Clay Soil is Good For.

The man who owns a piece of clay soil and has to work it too, with an outward ache of muscle and an inward grumble, or *vice versa*, would doubtless exchange it, and right gladly, with his equally dissatisfied neighbor in the valley whose well-worked loam is all sand and looseness and dryness in the season of drought. The one wishes that he had "never seen it," as he turns up the stiff cakes of yellow earth contemptuously with double the labor of his neighbor, knowing full well that it will take years to mellow it up with sand and ashes and manure, while the grumbler in the bottom, working easily in the genial spring days with a mellow outlook ahead for early growth, is yet aware of the trouble ahead if the rains should fail. I have come to believe that it is a good thing after all to be content within "the lines in which the Lord has placed us," and make the best of things withal, believing that there is a best to everything if we can but find it.

Now I have lived upon a clay hill ever since I was born, and myself and my immediate friends have had dealings with no other soil—although it must be confessed at times we have had our seasons of grave doubt as to whether we were as well placed as the man who owned the "sandy bottom." But those were the times when the watermelons didn't do well and the cucumbers had a spell, and the lilies in the border, of which we were fondest, were adverse to their surroundings and refused, not only to bloom, but to live at all, to our regret. At other times we make the most of it and dig it over and mellow it and raise from out of it such wonderful roses as are the wonder of many who have a less favorable soil to deal with. When a young lady from the region of the sandy loam comes with a big tin pail and begs the charity of a bucketful of our best clay to stiffen and counteract the adverse tendencies of the said sandy loam in which her pet roses will not thrive as ours have done, we smile inwardly and give it. Then we have some satisfaction in contemplating our increased success in strawberry culture each year and are disposed to lay it all to the superior merit of clay soil and its inherent qualities inasmuch as our berries are larger and the plants more thrifty than those under the same treatment in the bottom lands. As to the rest, we raise as fine vegetables and as many of them as most, and as to the flowers we are as successful as good seed and loving care will allow, and only grumble over the failures of the lilies in the open border, because they are the one thing in flower culture we have so often failed in to our chagrin.

We have heard, be it told, of a way in which even watermelons can be raised in it as successfully as in their native element—the sandy river bottoms—and we are going to try it. This is the way: dig a hole "as deep as a post hole" and fill at least two-thirds with well rotted manure, then finish with the unlucky clay soil and plant, for as the old man said when we complained "anybody can raise watermelons that way even in a clay soil." We have even been meditating a like treatment for the cucumbers, which are rarely what they should be in mid-summer. If they are as deep-rooted as the watermelons I am sure they will find the secret moisture and thrive as well.

As a weed producer I don't think it has an equal. And killing weeds in a clay soil is no joke, especially upon a hot summer's day, but then that is one of the drawbacks and cannot be avoided even in sandy loam.

H. K.

VICK'S MAGAZINE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1892.

Entered in the Post Office at Rochester as "second-class" matter.

VICK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published at the following rates, either for old or new subscribers. These rates include postage:

One copy one year, in advance, Fifty Cents.

One copy twenty-seven months ($2\frac{1}{4}$ years), full payment in advance, One Dollar.

A Club of Five or more copies, sent at one time, at 40 cents each, without premiums. Neighbors can join in this plan.

FREE COPIES.—One free copy additional will be allowed to each club of ten (in addition to all other premiums and offers), if spoken of at the time the club is sent.

All contributions and subscriptions should be sent to Vick Publishing Co., at Rochester, N. Y.

All communications in regard to advertising to Vick Publishing Co., New York office, 38 Times Building, H. P. Hubbard, Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertising rates are \$1.25 per agate line per month; \$1.18 for 3 months, or 200 lines; \$1.12 for 6 months, or 400 lines; \$1.06 for 9 months, or 600 lines; \$1.00 for 1 year, or 1000 lines. One line extra charge for less than five.

All contracts based on a "guaranteed and proved circulation" of an average through the year of 200,000.

CIRCULATION.

The actual edition for this month (March) is over **200,000.**

Circulation Guaranteed and Proved or No Pay. (Trade Mark.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every noble life leaves a fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin.*

"Time is a clever horse, there is nothing he won't beat, if you only know how to ride him." A bright idea surely, who originated it?

The smallest tree that grows in Great Britain is the dwarf willow, only about two inches high at maturity, which may be seen on the summit of Ben Lomond.

We are glad to welcome *The Amateur Gardener* of Springfield, Mass., into the fraternity. Its January number was bright and February decidedly attractive and readable.

The cheery little poem in our January number, entitled "Evening Hours at Home," was written by Clark W. Bryan, and originally published in that most charming of woman's publications, *Good Housekeeping*.

Are you a subscriber to VICK'S MAGAZINE? If not, why not? Surely not on account of price. Are your neighbors? See prospectus at head of this column and show this copy to your friends. Get up a club this week and send on at once.

A correspondent in Norfolk, Va., suggests the following as a bit of "Virginia vernacular," and says it ought to be an "eye-taker" and "memory holder." If you can't say it, sing it. But don't forget it. VICK's 200,000 circulation takes the call from all creation.

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know, yesterday cannot be recalled, tomorrow cannot be assured; today is only thine; which if thou procrastinate, thou losest; which lost, is lost forever; one today is worth two tomorrows.—*Enchiridion.*

In our January issue we stated that Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson of New York, was the founder of the "King's Daughters," and that she had made an appeal for books and magazines for "The Shut-in-Society." We are informed that Mrs. Margaret Bottome is regarded as the founder of the very meritorious society and Mrs. Dickinson, whom a correspondent says is "a most indefatigable worker," says she has not made the appeal mentioned and cannot receive the avalanche she is sure our readers will send. We gleaned the information from a religious paper who was doubtless misinformed.

Written and
culed for Vick's
Magazine.

BRIGHT IDEAS.

Magnify other people's good points.

Special efforts bring special blessings.

Intermittent doing is of small account.

Good manners are part of good morals.

He who sows brambles must look well to his shoes.

Some men are born great and grow smaller every day of their lives.

There are hundreds of things more important to you than putting on style.

Do only one thing at a time, but do that well. What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

Banish the check-rein and blinders from every harness you have.

Remember that good seed is an essential item in growing a good crop.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.

When are men obliged to keep their word? When no one will take it.

Woman's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair.

The rich are only enviable in one attribute—their power to help the poor.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

Men are most likely to rave about a woman's hair when it is found in the butter.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.

The wise man, when he gets the grip, goes to bed and stays there until he gets well.

All who invest in good deeds here will be cutting coupons in the sweet by and by.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you cannot let go.

Children are taught more than they ever learn, and learn more than they are ever taught.

Don't expect both lice and eggs to be produced in the same hen-house at the same time.

You are off duty, did you say? You mistake. There is no such thing.—*Epworth Herald.*

If your wife is the best woman in the world tell her so; it will keep her young and lengthen her life.

The poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach; the rich man, to get a stomach for his meat.

Truth and virtue can do less good in the world than their false, well acted semblance can do evil.

A. Pink Rose is the name of the beneficiary to one of the *Aetna Life's* recent policies. What could be sweeter?

Teach the children to work and to save; to save things as well as money. Some day they will bless you for it.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow men.

When you have decided upon the garden crop for next season select your seeds and order early those you have to buy.

When it is said of a man that he treats men and women just alike, you may be sure he treats them all as if they were men.

What makes you so miserable? We know. You are all the time comparing yourself with other people.—*Epworth Herald.*

Frederick Douglas recently secured a place in the Agricultural Department for the daughter of the man who was once his master.

The wise man gets his clover and grass seeds at least a month before he will need them. Then he is sure of having them in time.

A flock of wild geese flew north this morning, indicating warm weather, and another flew south, indicating cold weather.—*Atchison Globe.*

It is the freezing and thawing in the months after January 1st that hurts the strawberry beds—if you have not yet given them protection do it now.

Medical journals have been discussing the custom of lying in bed. We have thought the habit of *lie-ing* out of bed as more to be guarded against.

The use of dynamite to produce rain looks like a step towards supplanting the time-honored plan of giving a church picnic for this purpose.

The oil in grape seeds is valuable enough to warrant its extraction at considerable expense, and it is apt soon to develop into a permanent industry.

Wisdom, like many other human attributes, is only for the time. We are wise today, that tomorrow we may look back and say, "How foolish we were!"

If chains, axes and other tools be left beside the road or in or on the way to the wood lot, they may get stolen. Persons of uncertain morals call this "finding."

Doughnuts and cookies, as well as crackers, can be freshened by heating them thoroughly in a moderate oven, after which they should be cooled in a dry place before serving.

Caprice, thy name is hen, according to a newspaper correspondent. This veracious authority asserts that a hen in Walla Walla changes the size of her eggs every day.

Excesses, not labor, spoil more of us than we know. We waste vitality by sitting up when we ought to be lying down or asleep, by lack of warm clothing, etc. We all need to give more thought to the body's requirements.

It was the policy of a good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—*Washington Irving.*

In a cook-book the following advice is given for making lemon pies: "Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly." An exchange suggests that this is a useless direction, that if you sit on a hot stove you are bound to stir constantly.

Persons often lie awake at night because they are perhaps unconsciously chilly. If they get up and spread between the sheets two soft fleecy blankets, then creep in between them they will be pretty sure to go off into a refreshing sleep.

Good and easily-made candy: Measure the whites of two unbeaten eggs and take an equal quantity of cream or milk; mix together and stir in XXX confectioner's sugar till they are stiff enough to mould. Divide into separate dishes and add to one chocolate, to another almonds or cocoanut, to taste. Then mould in shapes.

Health brings happiness. A man or woman in high health, with good spirits and full of energy, is an immediate source of happiness to those with whom he or she associates. They cannot resist the infection; they are cheered, animated, and encouraged, their energies are called forth, and a positive good is conferred upon them, without either effort or self-denial upon the part of the giver.



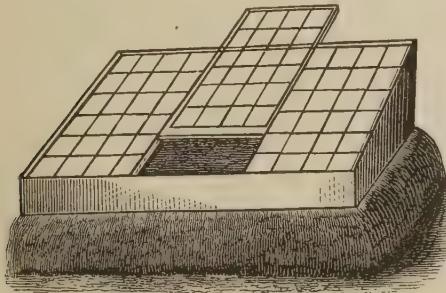
—“Ah, March we know thou art
Kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats;
And, out of sight, art nursing April’s violets.”

—HELEN HUNT.

Hotbeds and Cold Frames.

In a large portion of the country March is quite early enough to start hotbeds in family gardens. For those who may need information about them the following statements may be of service. The sash which has been found the handiest and best measures thirty-eight by sixty-three inches and holds twenty-four lights of 8x10 glass—four lights wide and six in length. The frame should be made to correspond to the number and size of the sash employed. A bed ought not to be smaller than three of such sash as just mentioned—smaller than this it would part with its heat too quickly.

Having everything in readiness, draw fresh manure to the spot where the bed is to be, and place it in a circular or conical pile, packing it down in successive layers by treading on it every time it is raised a few inches. The pile can be finished off by rounding it over or drawing it up to a point. After a few days the heap will begin to heat, and steam will be seen to be rising from it; the heap should then be forked over, shaking out the straw well as it is handled, and again be formed into a pile as before. In two or three days it will again give evidence by the escaping steam that it is heating, and is then ready to be placed in final position for the bed. As the manure is now thrown into shape, it should be beaten down by the back of the fork, and thus packed so that there will be a uniform density of material, and the bed should be of a depth of two and a half feet. The frame should now be set on the pile and covered with sash.



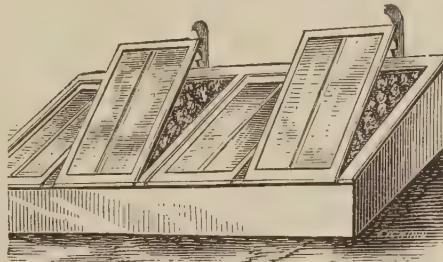
HOTBED.

In a few days a strong heat will be generated, and when this has begun to decrease so that the thermometer will not indicate more than 85° or 90°, about six inches of rich, mellow, and previously prepared soil should be placed over the surface within the frame. The bed is now ready for use.

As soon as the seeds have been sown, it will be necessary to watch the bed and provide sufficient moisture by sprinkling, as necessary, with

a fine-rosed can; and, also, to prevent the heat rising too high, by opening the sash. A thermometer kept constantly in the bed will afford the means of knowing the temperature. When the sun is too bright, shade must be given.

In connection with a hotbed a cold frame is almost a necessity, and without a hotbed it affords most valuable assistance in the garden. The cold frame is merely a frame, such as used for a hotbed, set on a bed of rich soil. As a protection from winds and a conservator of humidity in the air and of heat in the soil received



COLD FRAME.

during the day from the sun, it really gives the gardener the benefit of a genial climate during the inclement months of spring. The cold frame in most cases will receive young plants that have been started in the hotbed. Here they can be transplanted at greater distances, giving them ample room to develop, and can be gradually hardened off to be ready to plant outside. In the absence of a hotbed the cold frame, employed when there is no danger of frost creeping in, may be used for all the purposes of plant-raising, the same as the hotbed, only without the effect of accelerating growth to the extent of the hotbed.

Practice will give facility in the operation of the frames, and one should not be discouraged if a few mistakes and failures are made at first. Learn to conquer through defeat.

Better Roads.

The age demands better roads in the country. Good roads promote intelligence. The cost of keeping poor roads is ten-fold that of making good ones. The present system of making and repairing roads is a farce. Highway taxes should be paid in cash. No more “working out” the road tax. Skillful engineers should direct the making and repairing of all roads. Good drainage is necessary for good roads. Travel around, rather than over, a high hill to reach a certain point. Cut down hillocks and fill in low places. The weight of a load that can be drawn over a road is what can be drawn over the worst places.

The Best “Imported” Goods.

The saying of Barnum that “the American people like to be humbugged,” is unquestionably true. Under various names of celebrated French brands we drink New York State and California wines, and as imported “pure olive oil” we use cotton seed oil; and now, in order to get a fair price for California raisins compared with the prices paid for Spanish raisins, it is proposed to label the California products “Malaga.” In this manner the price of “imported” raisins may be realized and the people get something as good or better than the foreign article. The “imported” article is what our connoisseurs (!) want. Why not let them have it?

Country Mails.

The free delivery of the mails in the country regions appears to have become a popular movement. It is questionable whether it is a good one. Strangely enough the demand had never been made, nor perhaps thought of, until it was proposed by the Postmaster General. Some farmers have expressed themselves through the press as opposed to it. It should be remembered that the people who ask for free delivery will be obliged to pay for it. It would almost seem from the manner in which this scheme is advocated as if the people thought they were to get the service without cost, but that is not the meaning of free delivery. The expense will be heavy, and the people must bear it if they have it. It will cost ten times, more or less, per letter or paper to deliver the mails in the country generally than in the cities and larger villages. It is very doubtful that the advantages will ever compensate financially for the extra cost. What would be a far greater benefit to country residents would be to reduce the cost of postage on packages of merchandise and to increase the legal weight of such packages. And this change could be made not only without expense but with an increase thereby of postal revenues. Let this improvement be secured and the revenues increased before asking for enlarged expenditures for a doubtful benefit.

Birth of a Child's Dimple.

I spoke of the rose leaf within her chin,
And she said with a little nod,
As she touched a dimple as sweet as love,
“Oh, that was a kiss from God.”

ELLA HIGGINSON, in *Detroit Free Press*.

Tuberous Begonias.

A marked feature of the present spring trade in bedding plants is the prominence given to tuberous begonias, especially those of a particular strain. The general experience with tuberous begonias in the open ground in this country has not shown them to be reliable; in fact, except in shaded localities, they have quickly been injured in their foliage by the sun, and to such an extent as to disfigure them and prevent blooming for the most part. The claim that a strain has been originated in a particular locality which combines the hardiness and all other good qualities fitting it pre-eminently as a bedding plant, even superior to the well-tested and reliable geranium, does not appear to be well sustained when it is known that they have been tried only in the locality where they originated, a locality of more than usual cloudiness, rainfall and temperature humidity. The value of these begonias cannot be known before they shall have had trial in different parts of the country and under varied conditions. If they will stand bedding out in the prairie country of Illinois without shade then we may be sure we have a race of bedders that will stand the test. The present summer will probably give numerous trials and settle the question of their value.



OUR LETTER BOX.

In this department we will be pleased to answer any questions relating to Flowers, Vegetables, and Plants, or to hear of the experiences of our readers.

JAMES VICK.

How to Raise Plants.

JAMES VICK:—The writer tried for years to grow plants without understanding their needs, and miserably failed. She sent to VICK for seeds, plants and books. Now, she not only receives satisfaction from her plants, but many, many compliments from neighbors on their beauty. Go and do likewise.

CATHY M.

Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora.

JAMES VICK:—I wish to plant some Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora providing it will not sprout up from the roots. Would you please give information in "Question Column" of MAGAZINE as to their habit in that respect? I am much pleased with the MAGAZINE.

MRS. E. P. J.

Dana, La Salle Co., Ill.

The plant will not sucker or sprout from the roots. It is a grand shrub and should be generally planted.

Low-priced Greenhouse.

JAMES VICK:—Seeing in the MAGAZINE of February a number of your readers asked for plans of a low-priced dwelling house, may I ask (if a sufficient number wish for the same) that you give plans of a small, low-priced "greenhouse."

J. R. W.

South Franklin, Vt.

We shall be pleased to have from our readers plans of cheap greenhouses which have been erected for private use. The descriptions will be published in a future number or numbers.

Chinese Sacred Lily.

JAMES VICK:—My Chinese Sacred lily has just done flowering, having given us four trusses of flowers. We grew it in the customary way—in water, with pebbles. The bulb has grown considerably. How should it now be treated? And would it not be better next time to grow it in a pot of earth? Please give its botanical name.

S. L.

Freehold, N. J.

The so-called Chinese sacred lily is a narcissus. It will not bloom well the second time. It is best to use fresh bulbs each autumn.

Oleander not Blooming.

JAMES VICK:—Will you please give me information concerning an oleander which I have had for almost five years? It is a fine growing plant, is constantly full of buds, yet never blossoms. It is in good common soil and as its growth increases I increase the size of pot. It has no insects of any kind that I can perceive. If you can throw any light on the subject I will be very grateful.

MRS. J. R. E.

Bangor, Me.

Do not repot it any more for a time at least, and allow the roots to fill the soil and pot. This will check its growth and cause it to blossom.

Black Currants.

JAMES VICK:—Will you tell me what to do for our black currants? The bushes are very thrifty, covered with blossoms every spring, but the fruit falls as soon as formed.

MRS. W. F. B.

Taylor, Iowa.

Knowing so little of the conditions in regard to these plants we can only suggest a method of trial. Cut a trench around each bush, a spade in width, about a foot away from the stem and deep enough to cut off all the roots beyond, removing all the soil and roots from the trench

and afterwards fill it in with a mixture of equal parts of soil and coarse building sand.

Passion Vines.

JAMES VICK:—Can you tell me why my passifloras, white and blue, growing profusely, covering a large trellis, gave me no blossoms? Had they not sun enough or was the soil too poor? My Passiflora Smithi I gave the sunniest spot I had and as rich soil as I dared. It budded at every joint but every bud fell off before attaining its full size. Can you tell me why? Was the soil too rich or did I keep it too moist, or too dry?

SARAH B. W.

Springfield, Mass.

Apparently the vines were planted out of doors, and without doubt the temperature was too low for them. They should have the benefit of a greenhouse or, at least, an enclosed plant window.

Yellow Gladiolus.

JAMES VICK:—In reply to J. M. B., page 23, I will say that there are shades of yellow in the gladiolus varying from the light lemon to the dark buff; and it would be difficult for me to recommend any one in particular. The Golden Sceptre, Isaac Buchanan and Martha Washington are no doubt the leading yellow varieties, and you will be pleased and successful if you plant any, or all of them. The first named variety is the cheapest yellow in the market, and for my part I consider it more valuable than some of the more scarce, high-priced varieties. You can, no doubt, have great success in planting seedlings or unnamed varieties which come much cheaper; and in my opinion are just as good for bedding and cut flowers as the named sorts; but if exhibition flowers are wanted plant nothing but the best varieties, no matter what the cost may be.

H. C. TOWNSEND.

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

Worms in Cucumber Vines.

JAMES VICK:—I would like to ask some information in regard to cucumbers in this neighborhood. Something works on the roots and they wither and die one by one. I have found worms in the stem next to the root. What can be done to exterminate them?

AN OLD CUSTOMER.

From the description, the cause of the mischief is probably a borer; as the insect usually lays its eggs and the larvae enter the stem on its under side near the crown it is difficult to combat it with insecticides. The best course to take is, first, to make the hill rich with well-rotted manure in order to insure a strong growth of the plants on the start, and, second, to go along occasionally and rub the plants with thumb and finger just at and above the collar, this operation having a tendency to remove any eggs that may have been laid by the insects.

Tuberoses.

JAMES VICK:—I am in receipt of your MAGAZINE of December and January and would like to ask you about the cultivation of tuberoses. If you have books on the subject please send me one. Miss M. A. S.

Hastings, Mich.

Tuberose bulbs should be started early in order that they may have the long season they require to grow and bloom. In this climate they are usually started in the house and grown on until the weather is mild enough, usually about first of June, to plant them out. When bulbs are purchased the remains of the old bulb is at the base, a dark colored portion, which should be cut away before placing them in soil. The bulbs emit roots much more readily when the old part is removed. There is no special book on tuberose growing. Vick's Home Floriculture and Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden both describe its culture. At the South, the season being long, the bulbs need not be started before planting them in the open ground.

Blanching and Storing Celery.

JAMES VICK:—I would like the best method of blanching and storing celery for home, winter use.

MRS. G. S. H.

Most celery is blanched by drawing soil

around each stock during the later stages of growth. The top must be held or tied together to keep soil from entering between the stems. The work must be done when the soil is comparatively dry, as when wet it causes the stems to rust. Some have succeeded well in the use of paper bands about the heads to prevent soil from getting between the stems. The bands of brown paper can be drawn up as the height of the soil is increased and finally removed altogether. When the plants are lifted for storing, the roots should be left on with what soil adheres to them. They can be stored in a cool cellar. A good way is to set up edgewise two boards on the cellar floor, about a foot apart. Having placed a layer of loose soil between the boards, commence to set in the heads of celery, packing them closely together and packing in dry soil over the roots and around the plants. When finished give a light watering to the soil.

Preparing a Rose Bed.

JAMES VICK:—Having an excellent situation for a rose bed, would you kindly inform me as to the best method of preparation of this bed to obtain the best results? The bed is already dug out to the depth of 18 inches; soil slaty and not wet; have chips would like to dispose of. Will it do to throw in a good layer of these before adding the soil? Sand, well-rotted cow manure, leaf-mold, muck and chip dirt are easily obtained. What proportion shall I use of them? Is there danger of getting soil too rich for young rose plants?

MRS. G. S. H.

Orchard Park, N. Y.

The soil being slaty probably the bed would need no underdraining. A layer of chips in the bottom of the bed would be of no special advantage and might induce fungous growths which might be harmful. There is no danger of getting the soil for a rose bed too rich. The materials mentioned as ready at hand are all good, except that the sand may not be needed since the soil is slaty. Instead of the sand some good loam, one half of the whole, taken from an old pasture just below the sod, would be an advantage. The mixture would then consist of 3 parts loam, 2 parts old cow manure and 1 part leaf-mold, muck and chip dirt combined.

The Best Roses.

JAMES VICK:—Will you kindly tell your readers, in the February or March number, which of the Hybrid Tea roses will live out of doors through the winter, and name the twelve *very best roses* for the garden.

Yours truly, FANNY AUBLE.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Twelve of the best Hybrid Perpetual roses for the garden are the following: Alfred Colomb, Anne de Diesbach, Baron de Bonstetten, Baroness Rothschild, John Hopper, Marshall P. Wilder, Paul Neyron, Madame Gabriel Liuet, General Jacqueminot, Caroline de Sansal, Louis Van Houtte, Mabel Morrison. Three of the best Hybrid Tea roses are, La France, Cheshunt Hybrid and Duchess of Albany. It would be difficult to confine the roses for the garden to a list of twelve varieties, and it would be apt to please no one. A writer in the MAGAZINE last year mentioned the following varieties as his favorites on account of continuous and late blooming: Madame Charles Wood, Dinsmore, Madame Alfred de Rougemont, Albaire d' Arneville, Charles Darwin, Mrs. John Laing, Baroness Rothschild, General Washington and La France.

Grape Mildew and Rot.

JAMES VICK:—I want to know if you have any remedy for rot on grapes. The disease affects my vines

and fruit. Have you anything which will check the disease and what is the mode of application?

Fort Wayne, Ind.

T. C.

In answer to the inquiry in this column about "Spraying for Potato Rot" will be found a description of the Bordeaux mixture which has come into use more or less to prevent the mildew and rot of the grape. This substance is used as a preventive of mildew, not a cure. It should, therefore, be applied to the vines early, before the disease makes its appearance, and be repeated as may be necessary. On vines which are subject to the mildew it is advised to apply the Bordeaux mixture soon after the fruit has formed, and if moist or rainy weather ensues, in about two weeks again. After that it may be best to use what is called the ammoniacal copper carbonate solution which does not adhere so closely, and therefore does not affect the appearance of the fruit as the Bordeaux mixture is apt to do if the use of it is continued through the summer. Those who are interested in this subject should apply for pamphlets relating to it, which are issued by the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, Division of Vegetable Pathology. They will be supplied gratuitously on application.

To Exterminate Ants.

JAMES VICK:—On page 41 of MAGAZINE C. F. R. wants to know the best way to exterminate ants without injuring the lawn. If he will take a large bottle (1 pint) and drop into it a quarter of a tablespoonful of Paris green, to this add a tablespoonful or two of alcohol to make it more soluble, and then fill the bottle up with sugar syrup and shake well, then take a piece of a pane of glass and pour them out a good meal on it, setting it in their trail on the grass, they will fill themselves on the deadly feast, and in 48 hours not an ant will be seen. J. P. W.

Garnett, Kans.

JAMES VICK:—I read in your "Question Column" in January number an inquiry about exterminating ants in a lawn. I will write down the best which I have found in my experience. Take a sponge and dilute some molasses, syrup, or sugar with warm water and pour it over pieces of sponge and place them on the lawn; examine these traps daily and drop them in a pail of hot water. Wash the sponges carefully and renew the operation. This I have done for years with success. G. F. M.

Hoboken, N. J.

This last method is advised by several of our readers. Kerosene oil poured in the ant holes, is advised by a number of subscribers. Our own experience with kerosene oil is not satisfactory, though we have tried it thoroughly. It kills all the insects it comes in contact with but many escape and their troublesome work goes on. The following method here described looks promising.

JAMES VICK:—In your last MAGAZINE I noticed an inquiry in regard to the extermination of ants in lawns, and remembering my struggles with the pests, I write to say that after trying hot water, steeped tobacco, Paris green and kerosene oil recommended by one and another, I routed them by puffing into the ant holes, every morning, for a few days, a little Dalmatian Insect Powder. J. ED. H.

Lynn, Mass.

Spraying for Potato Rot.

JAMES VICK:—I saw in the MAGAZINE that spraying potatoes with Bordeaux mixture will prevent rot. Please tell me how much Bordeaux to a certain quantity of water is used. This is valuable information to me. What size are the vines before putting it on.

Clearbrook, Wash.

ALEX. JONES.

The usual method of making the Bordeaux mixture is as follows: Dissolve 6 pounds of sulphate of copper in 16 gallons of water. In another vessel slake 4 pounds of fresh lime in 6 gallons of water. When the lime mixture has cooled to the temperature of the air, pour it slowly into the copper solution, mixing the fluids

thoroughly by constant stirring. It is necessary to heat a few gallons of water first in order to dissolve the sulphate—after it is dissolved add it to the necessary quantity of water to make the full amount.

The mixture has been applied on potato vines to prevent the rot and with favorable results. The number of times necessary to apply the mixture depends upon the time the disease first shows itself and the character of the weather. At the Ohio Experiment Station with the quantity of copper sulphate and lime mentioned above they used 50 gallons of water and yet reported success. Professor Clarence M. Weed, in giving an account of the trials there says: "We usually made it (the mixture) by filling our Nixon barrel machine, which holds 50 gallons, nearly full of hot water, and then adding 3 or 4 gallons of hot water in which the 6 pounds of copper sulphate crystals had been dissolved. The freshly slaked lime was then poured in, and after a thorough stirring, the mixture was ready for use. When we wished to add "London Purple" (to destroy the potato bug) we simply put it in either before or after the mixture was made. The first application was made May 28, the vines being then about one-third grown. We sprayed the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves thoroughly, and to kill the potato beetle added London purple to the mixture, putting in one ounce of the poison to 10 gallons of the mixture. It cleaned the potato beetles off completely. A second application was made June 6, when the vines were much larger than before. The first indications of blight were noticed about June 20, and during the next week the sprayed vines showed some evidence of the disease. The Bordeaux was again applied June 29. Early in July the disease had seriously injured nearly all the vines in the field, except those sprayed, which were greener than the rest, though even they showed considerable damage. The weather during much of the first part of that month was warm and moist, being very favorable to the development of the disease. The frequent rains washed a good deal of the Bordeaux mixture off, so that it was again applied, and for the last time, July 16.

The latest account of trials is that of the Experiment Station at Kingston, R. I. A brief statement of proceedings and results are as follows: "Its presence (the rot) was first noticed on these grounds soon after the middle of July, or at about the same date that it appeared last season. An application of the Bordeaux mixture was immediately made July 20 and 21. This was repeated July 29, and again a third application was made August 8. This treatment of the vines checked the spreading of the disease to such an extent that all of the varieties formed good sized and well matured tubers, which were practically free from the potato rot. As is frequently the case the disease seemed to spread rather slowly at first, in the untreated plots, but by the end of July nearly every potato plant began to manifest its presence, and by the tenth of August all growth of the vines had ceased and many of the vines of the late varieties were already dead and dry—while those of the same varieties immediately adjoining them which had grown under exactly the same conditions, excepting the treatment that the vines had received, were yet growing in a comparatively healthy and vigorous condition."

The average increase in the yield of merchantable potatoes due to the application of the Bordeaux mixture was 53 1/4 bushels per acre, an amount, the value of which, according to the report, considerably exceeded the expense of the mixture and its application.

Wm. Speck.

Many of our readers will recall interesting communications from Jamaica which have appeared in this journal from time to time over the above signature. Mr. Speck was a thorough horticulturist in feeling and interested in all garden improvements in Jamaica. We have heard, with regret, recently of his death in January last.

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Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood diseases from the system, and it has, deservedly, the confidence of the people.

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Don't try to run the household your way.
Don't think love has come to stay anyhow.
Don't imagine that you are a superior person.

Don't think your wife can't keep your secrets.

Don't grumble at your wife and the work she does.

Don't forget that your wife was once your sweetheart.

Don't neglect to compliment your wife whenever opportunity offers.

Don't forget that husbands should be gentlemen at all times and under all circumstances.—Detroit Free Press.

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LAUREL SPRAY.
BY CHARLES LEMUEL THOMPSON.

Where the rock goes shere to the lake below,
Far up on the lichened wall
The starry spray of a laurel bough
Looks up to the bas-tions tall—
Looks up to the deep blue silent sea,
Clinging close to the rock the while,
And starry and white—all timidly—
Looks down on me with a smile.
Could I cling so, I wonder, holding fast
On the perilous front of things,
With an eye of longing upward cast,
And a rooting of faith that clings?
With only a stone for a resting place,
In some lone and far defile,
Could I touch my rock with a lowly grace,
And toss the world a smile?

Wireworms.

Wireworms are often very destructive to crops, and many attempts have been unsuccessfully made to destroy them. A series of experiments has been continued for three years at the Experiment Station at Cornell University to discover a practical method of preventing the ravages of wireworms. Without giving the details of these experiments it will be sufficient to say that grains of corn were coated with flour paste containing paris green. The wireworms ate it with impunity. The seed corn was soaked in many kinds of solutions, poisonous and otherwise, without effect. Keeping the soil bare of vegetation for an entire season did reduce the number of wireworms. Buckwheat, Chinese mustard, and rape, which have been supposed to be crops on which the worms would not feed, were tried, but they thrived on the roots of these. Kerosene oil, crude petroleum and bisulphide of carbon applied to the soil would kill the wireworms only when applied in quantities sufficient to kill, also, all vegetation. Salt was tried with the same result. Kainit and other potash salts and lime had little or no effect. Other substances were quite as impractical.

Trapping by baits produced the only results that gave any encouragement, but these baits caught, not the wireworm but its parent, the click-beetle. The most satisfactory trap was a wad of fresh clover dipped in paris green water and placed under a board.

The negative results of these experiments may be useful in preventing the waste of time and money by farmers in attempting to destroy wireworms. The only hope of a practical remedy the investigators hold out to the farmers is that by fall plowing the worms may be disturbed at a critical period of their existence, when disturbance means death. They recommend plowing as soon as possible after wheat harvest, pulverizing immediately and thoroughly with the harrow and seeding with wheat or rye in September, followed by not more than one or two crops of grass or clover, this to be plowed under in the summer as before. It will take several years of this method of short rotations to exterminate the worms, as they live for three years in the worm stage, and can only be injured by plowing it at a certain period, but farmers who practice this method have little or no trouble from wireworms.

The Princess of Wales Pansy Basket.

The following interesting article on "How to Make a Pansy Diamond," is by BELLE BATCHELDER, a *nom de plume* of a charming writer living in Bath, N. H. We have made an illustration as she describes it, and another filled in with the pansies shaded.

A very charming basket of flowers, which may rival many a more elaborate greenhouse production for beauty and coloring, is this pansy diamond.

Select a low rush basket, about fifteen or sixteen inches long, of the diamond shape, so common in basket stores. Make a very hand-



RUSH BASKET, EASILY MADE.

some satin bow of pale lavender three-inch wide ribbon, and sew it on one end of the basket, placing at the opposite end a bow of bright canary yellow ribbon. It will be necessary to have about two yards and a half of ribbon for each bow in order to make several loops.

For the rest one must have a roll of fine wire, to be found at a florist's or a hardware store, and a box of common wooden toothpicks, a pair of shears and some fresh moist moss. Gather every pansy you can possibly find, for this arrangement requires many an apronful of the dainty blossoms. Sort the flowers as well as you can, placing the white, yellow, lavender and deep purples and crimsons in separate piles.

With a bit of wire about two inches long twist five or six pansies by their stems to a toothpick, repeating this many times until no loose flowers are left. Stick each toothpick, with its gay top-knot, into the moss, which should be heaped high in the center of the bas-

The Gladiolus.

We are indebted to the Cape of Good Hope, which has furnished us so many of the most beautiful flowers known to the floral world, for most of our desirable gladioli — Gladiolus psittacinus and its offspring gandavensis, being the parents of numerous lovely varieties which appeal so strongly today to our love of the beautiful. Europe has contributed, it is true, the old rose-colored, hardy Gladiolus communis, while the larger and more thorny species, Byzantinus, is accredited to the Levant. Our country has no native species. It has, however proved to the gladiolus a veritable *alma mater*, since the American soil and climate seems perfectly adapted to the needs or nature of its adopted child. Doubtless the great and varied beauty of the gladiolus and the ease with which it may be cultivated have been the principle factors in its swift rise to popular favor. Probably there are many who have grown these charming flowers and yet have no idea how easily they may increase not only their stock of bulbs, but varieties also. After reading an article on raising gladioli from seed, which stated that though some seedlings might flower the third year, others would perhaps defer their blooming period until the fourth, I was astonished at my success in growing these bulbs from seed. I received in the spring of '89 two packets of gladiolus seed. These were sown in the garden in heavy soil, and soon evinced a determination to defy all doubts about them by sending up rows of grass-like leaves. The young gladioli received but little attention throughout the season, save weeding, and when they were harvested in autumn realized such a crop of infinitesimal bulbs that I eyed them with dreadful misgivings about their ability to live through the winter; but the same determination to live seemed to possess the tiny corms that the seeds had shown before when planted. Everything seemed progressing according to programme and I was looking forward to reaping the reward of my industry and patience the next season, but as the summer waned and autumn drew near, I became suddenly aware that my carefully laid plans for a fine crop of "brand new" varieties of seedling gladioli for

the summer of '91 had come to naught. Instead of a year of waiting for results, I was petrified to see one spike after another rise up from that bed of seedling gladioli to develop into flowers whose beauty rivaled that of the loveliest orchid until a dozen or more exquisite varieties were in bloom,

ket and sloping toward the rim, commencing near the lavender bow with the white pansies, placing the yellow ones next, to be followed by the lavender and purples in succession, and ending with deepest crimsons to contrast with the yellow ribbon.

The moss will keep the pansies in good condition for some time, especially if the flowers are sprinkled frequently. A common toilet brush dipped in water is a good sprinkler if the regulation rubber bottle is not to be had.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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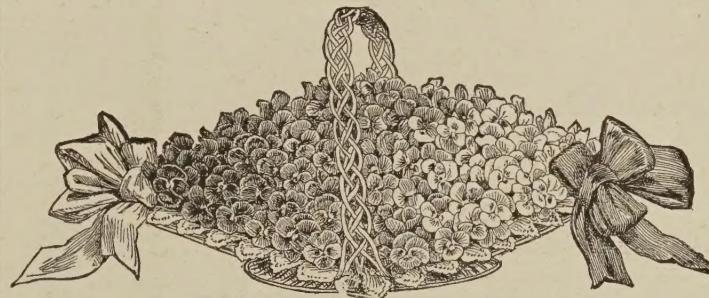
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Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples will contract and potatoes will turn black.

Read the advertisement of the Studebaker "Little Gem" one-horse garden, flower bed and lawn sprinkler.



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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold **FREE** only by F. Hiscox, 533 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs.

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Every person sending SILVER for this collection will receive extra a packet of the Mansfield Tomato (also known as the Prize) which has been grown over nine feet in height, bearing fruit of good quality, weighing from one to two pounds each.



Mr. Finch is perfectly reliable and trustworthy.—Ed.

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Horticultural Meeting.

A most successful meeting of the Western N. Y. Horticultural Society was held in this city on the 27th and 28th of January.

President Barry in his opening address gave a general review of the various horticultural interests during the past year; alluded to the fascinating nature of the pursuit; touched upon the importance of producing new varieties of fruits from the best which now exist, urged the importance of thinning and properly packing fruit, of studying the character of the soils and fertilizers employed; noticed the advances which are being made in insecticides and fungicides, and called attention to several other points connected specially with fruit growing.

Many highly valuable papers were read, reports offered and interesting discussions held, all of which will be published shortly in the Society's Proceedings. At present we can only make a synopsis of a paper by Prof. J. P. Roberts, of Cornell University, on "Maintaining the Fertility of the Soil in Orchards":

In planting an orchard, the land selected should be reasonably dry. If it is very wet it should be made dry by draining. If only slightly wet, the field may be thrown into ridges as wide as the rows of trees are to be apart, and if the plan is not to drain the land after the trees have begun to bring an income, then the rows and ridges should be wide. Having decided the method of drainage, a full year should be given to preparing the land. It

should be plowed deep and often; if thrown in ridges or lands, then it will be well if the subsoil plow be used freely at the bottom of the dead-furrows. If the land is at all sandy and poor, the plowings should be not less than four times, and none of them should be later than the middle of September. With this start, for the next five to fifteen years, according to the variety of trees set, enough plant food can easily be set free by shallow plowing, cultivating and by the use of plants. Many orchardists overfeed the young orchards, and afterwards starve them when producing fruit, the time when they need the greatest amount of plant food. When the orchard commences to bear an extra demand for food is made on the soil, and this demand must be met promptly and liberally or the quality and quantity of the fruit diminishes, and the tree becomes an easy prey to insects and fungi. Clover should be raised as far as possible in the orchards, and it is not necessary to plow it up often, as clover "catches" on sparsely seeded land nearly as well without as with plowing. This treatment usually provides sufficient nitrogen in conjunction with a little farm manures. The amount of fruit raised on a tree should not be large, and the quality should be the best. We fail to learn that quality is nearly everything, that numbers ruin, and quantity floods the market. Sheep running in the apple orchard was the method proposed as the cheapest means of fertilizing,—one-fourth of the food of the sheep to consist of bran and cottonseed meal or oil meal, or one-half a pound of meal per head.

In the peach and plum orchards, the practices mentioned are not likely to be best, as it will be found advisable, in most cases, to keep

these constantly under cultivation. But here fertility may be preserved by feeding animals during the winter, and by preserving and removing the manures produced to the orchard. To recapitulate: The soil should be cultivated and plant food set free to the utmost limit; second, leguminous and tap-rooted plants should be used as plant-food gatherers; third, animals should be kept often as much for the value of the manure they produce as for the profit realized from them by their other products; fourth, the least possible amount of straw and vine and limb should be grown consistent with economy and the health of the plant; fifth, after having practiced all the economy possible in conserving the fertility of the land, and after having used most intelligently all the fertility that can be secured from the soil, the plant and the animal, if there is still a lack in order to secure the highest quality of product and the greatest net income, then commercial fertilizers of a high grade, purchased from reliable firms, should be applied with a liberal hand.

Color of Clematis Jackmani.

Our own observation corroborates the following statement of F. H. in the *London Garden* in regard to the color of the flowers of this very popular clematis. Probably both soil and exposure are influencing conditions. "The richest color," says the party referred to, "is seen in plants where the sun does not come on the flowers while the dew is on them. I have a plant on the front of my house, which faces the west. It is now in full bloom and the flowers are of the richest shade. Plants on a southern aspect come into bloom much earlier, but the color is not so good and the blooms do not last so long."

Farmers

and consumers of fertilizers would consult their own interest by forming clubs and buying high graded ammoniated Bone Phosphate at wholesale from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per ton. Send six cents to C. E. RICK, General Agent, Fairview, Pa., for samples, circulars, wholesale prices, etc.

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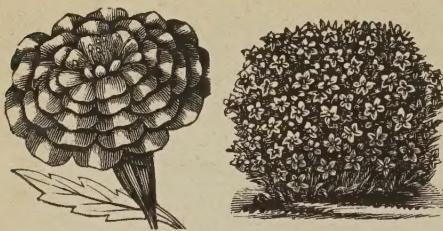
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When the poppies blaze with scarlet

In the fields of tasseled maize,
And the cornflower shows its turquoise
All along the woodland ways—
When the clematis its tangle
Weaves above the filmy ferns,
And the cardinal's bright namesake
In the rich green meadow burns—
Then you come, O, radiant flowers,
Then your glowing heart unfolds;
Summer dons your rich tiara,
Georgeous, yellow marigolds!

Hark! I hear the mandolin
Sound again in Moorish halls;
See! the light from orbs of splendor
Through the jasmined lattice falls.
Inez drops a golden blossom
From her dusky braids of hair;
Songs of nightingale and lover
Mingle on the perfumed air;
Then you bloomed, O, radiant flower!
Now your glowing heart unfolds,
Far from Moorish halls—and Inez—
Georgeous, yellow marigolds!

—HELEN CHASE, in *Good Housekeeping*.

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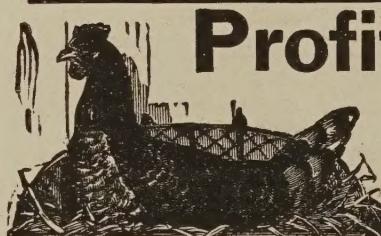
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Contains 100 Illustrations of everything pertaining to poultry—equally valuable to the amateur fancier, the professional breeder, or the farmer.

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FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer. Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerreotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit \$1.00 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bona-fide.

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For 30 days. To make our work known in every home; then it will bring us enough orders to pay for what we give away, and more too. We make this special Offer: Send us your photo, or a picture of any member of your family, with **90 cents**, to cover cost of packing and delivery to you, and we will make from it one of our **3-4 Life Size Crayon Portraits absolutely free**, or forfeit \$1.00. You buy the frame where you choose. We have testimonials from every State, and refer to any bank in Chicago. Write name on back of picture, and send with the occ. within 30 days; you will receive portrait worth from \$10 to \$20, all charges prepaid. ARTISTS' UNION, 317 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ills.

FREE

provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing us future orders. Cut this out and return it to us with your photograph, with your name and address back of photos, so we can ship your portrait accordingly. TANQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.

REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and Commercial Agency of R. DUN & CO.

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